

## WEEKLY



## MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XI.—NO. 29.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1799.

WHOLE NO. 549.

## HORRORS OF OAKENDALE ABBEY.

[Continued from our last.]

FROM this melancholy spectacle she turned to the dark cloister which, as she supposed, led to the church-yard. The gloomy appearance of the entrance for a moment intimidated her, and she was almost inclined to go back, when a ray of courage enlivening her spirits, she grew resolute, and determined to proceed. She stooped her head as she entered the arch, and found it quite dark; but as she advanced it grew lighter, and she perceived that she descended, and the roof then admitted of her standing upright. She likewise found that the light proceeded from some opening at the end, which she conjectured was the open air, and that the end of the cloister would bring her to the church-yard; she therefore boldly advanced, when, upon a nearer approach, she perceived that the light glimmered through some loose boards in the form of a partition, without a door, or any apparent opening. She looked through the cracks, and perceived it was a room, and that the light proceeded from a casement at the end of it. She pushed hard against it, in order to get in; but it seemed beyond her strength. She felt disappointed, and was turning back the way she had come, when an impulse of curiosity impelled her once more to look through the cracks of the boards, in order to take a more accurate survey of a place which seemed fenced off for some particular purpose. She then fancied she saw something like white linen hang up on the opposite side; but she could not distinguish it perfectly, as the confined place through which she looked prevented her. She likewise fancied that she heard a slight noise; but she was determined not to let any trifling sound, occasioned, perhaps by the wind, or a thousand other causes, alarm and divert her from her purpose; so keeping her eyes fixed, and close to the disjointed boards, whilst her body was perfectly still, her eye endeavored to scrutinize and investigate every object it could collect through a space so narrow; when, after a slight noise, and a shade of something rather darkening the view, a large rolling eye-ball met her own, and she instantly sunk down; at the same time giving a faint inward scream: the shock was more than she could bear. For a few moments all her faculties were suspended, and her limbs, which had refused to support her, seemed stiffened with fright and astonishment. She attempted to rise several times before she could accomplish it; and when she stood up, she made several efforts before her trembling legs could support her sufficiently to walk. Her mind was a chaos of horror and confusion; she involuntarily bent her steps to return; and, having feebly tottered up the cloister, she was obliged to sit down upon the trunk which contained the skeleton, in order to rest, and prevent her falling a second time.

Her heart throbbed as if it was bursting, and a violent flood of tears afforded her some relief. She sat for some minutes looking steadfastly at the entrance of the cloister, expecting every moment something to arrest her affrighted senses. All continued still; nothing more horrible could ap-

pear than she had already seen, and she found herself quite unequal to the task she had undertaken. After finding herself a little recovered, she hastened back as fast as her trembling limbs could carry her, determined never more to endeavor at an investigation which she found had too serious an effect upon her spirits.

When she returned to the chamber, her pale and terrified countenance, with her eyes red, and almost starting from their orbits, convinced Mary that she had encountered something extremely horrid, and she was as much afraid to enquire as the other was incapable of answering, lest she should hear more than her weak mind could support.

Laura threw herself upon the bed in an agony of grief and terror; her mind was too much discomposed by what she had seen, to let reason bear any influence. She found her spirits had received a shock, which they could not well bear; she now blamed herself for having attempted to make an investigation which had led her to encounter so much terror.

Mary could get but few answers to her questions, and therefore gave up asking her.

Laura continued many days in a motionless kind of apathy, and a slow fever preyed upon her spirits. She made many melancholy reflections upon her cruel situation, which only added to her depression. From this, however, she was roused by the daughter of Dame Celia, who, as she was one day setting the room in order, and seeing Laura look grave and low, with a delighted countenance, and said, "This o'erte place y'll be quite another thing soon."

"Why?" replied Laura, "what should make it another thing?"

"Oh!" said the girl, "but I believe I should not tell you."

"Yes," said Laura, "You may tell me any thing; I shall not betray you."

"Why, then," says the girl, "but 'tis a great secret, and mother would kill me if she knew as how I talked about it; but my Lord is a coming, and some o' the rooms are here to be made to foin!"

"And who told you so?" replied Laura. "And when does he come? and are you certain of it?"

All these questions she asked Peggy in a breath, and with a wild surprise; but Peggy could not, or would not, divulge more information than she had already communicated; and Laura was left to meditate upon the intelligence with as many, or, perhaps, more cruel reflections than her recent fright had occasioned.

Various apprehensions assailed her imagination, and not a ray of comfort shone upon her recollection; all was dreary in the perspective. Her mind was now as active as it had been before passive. Her fears of supernatural spirits, and supposed murderers, gave way to those of more certainty; and the fearlessly traversed many parts of the Abbey, although she did not venture to the part of it where she had been so much terrified. Indeed she never could persuade herself to believe in ghosts. That there were beings in the Abbey besides themselves she had received ocular

demonstrations; but of what nature they were, she was totally ignorant; and her mind had been too much confused and oppressed to form the most distant conjecture. Now that her fears had, by Peggy's intelligence, been rendered alive to reason, the retrospection furnished her with some inferences not altogether impossible; and, upon reasoning with herself upon the subject, she thought it more than probable, that Lord Oakendale had caused and ordered these appearances, in order to intimidate her, that she might fly to his arms for refuge against alarms which seemed so incomprehensible. She knew the whole village was his property, and all the inhabitants were his vassals. From such a combination it were easy to place people in unfrequented parts of the Abbey to whisper and make noises to occasion terror. The skeleton, the shadow, and the eye-ball, might be managed by his Lordship's contrivance; consequently they lost their terror, and she looked upon all that was past as an artful delusion, preconcerted to further and complete his purpose; she, therefore, as heretofore, condemned herself for being so easily imposed upon, and determined henceforward to disregard all appearances, and, if possible to think of making her escape.

With respect to Mary she did not think her sufficiently in her interest to trust her with any scheme she might project; neither did she possess courage, or strength of mind, to be of service to her in any dangerous enterprise; she therefore thought it most prudent to rely upon her own management, and entirely trust to her own contrivance for the furthering of any plan, by which she might hope to escape from a situation so perilous.

She had, by these suggestions, worked up her mind to a degree of boldness, bordering upon desperation; and, in a hasty fit of rage, said to X. Island, "Would you be induced in this case to yield your innocence, and shield me from the fury of villainy and terror?"

As she finished the last words, she was startled by a noise like the shutting of a door, and the instant footstep; but, as she had made up her mind to disregard the noises, and indeed fear of that nature seemed to be entirely banished from her breast, she only turned about with a contemptuous expression of countenance, and fell into a meditation on her escape. As she had never been prohibited walking round the Abbey, up the hills and in the vicinity of the village, she formed the resolution of extending her walk so as to get quite away, taking the first path that offered, after she had got from the village.

The idea charmed her, and but one difficulty arose to prevent her design; and that was, the walking out by herself, as Mary had always been her companion in the walks she had hitherto taken, and indeed would be afraid to be left alone in the Abbey.

The idea of leaving one, whose fears she knew would nearly overpower her senses, was not only matter of difficulty, but of regret; and she truly felt for the distress Mary would experience when night approached, and she found herself alone, deserted by her companion.

The tender and affectionate heart of Laura could not endure the idea of acting so cruel a part to one, whom in no instance had ever shewn her the least unkindness. To be sure her virtues were of that negative kind, that she could form no reliance upon her friendship; but then, on the other hand, she had been in some degree, the chosen companion of her solitude, and to leave her a prey to sufferings her mind was not able to support, was a cruelty of which Laura was incapable, and not put in practice, even if her escape had depended upon those terms; she therefore, after much consideration, told Mary, "Not to be alarmed if some of the spectres, which haunted the Abbey, should entirely carry her off, as they had done the gentleman concerning whom Dame Giles had told them, for that she was determined to venture over every part of it, and it might be, might never return; for she had already seen and heard enough to know that something besides themselves resided there, and she therefore advised her to be prepared for her absence."

Mary, terrified at hearing her talk in this manner, begged her to desist from any such design, representing, and recalling to her recollection, how much she had been alarmed at her last attempt, as well as by the circumstance of the shadow.

Laura, however, was not to be persuaded, and told Mary she was prepared for any alarm, and only advised her, in case she should not return before night, not to stay in the Abbey by herself; but, before the evening was far advanced, to go down to the cottage of Aaron Giles, and beg his protection.

Mary did not hesitate to promise she would not stay there by herself; for nothing, indeed, would have induced her to be there alone.

Laura, having arranged the plan so far as concerned Mary, whose comfort was by no means her least object, left the Abbey in order to reconnoitre, and, at the same time, see Mary to the custom of her going out without her; and, had any thing encouraging offered, to pursue her plan. But the evening being remarkable fine, the peasants were all out of their houses, and she did not think this a time favourable for facilitating her design; she therefore gave up the attempt, and returned to the Abbey, waiting impatiently for a more favourable opportunity.

Meantime some of the rooms were cleaning out, and evident preparations were making for his Lordship's arrival.

[To be continued.]

#### HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

DIONISIUS the tyrant of Syracuse, from a just apprehension of his life, was so fearful to lose it, that he removed his friends from court and put himself into the hands of dangerous aliens. He was in such fear of barbers, that he taught his own daughters to shave him, and when they were grown to maturity, he durst not suffer them to come so near his throat with a razor, and therefore instructed them how to burn off his hair and beard with the white films of walnuts. He durst not enter his wife's apartment before the room and bed were narrowly searched. When he diverted himself in playing at ball, he commonly delivered his cloak and sword to a boy he loved and trusted; upon which one of his familiar friends said to him, in a jesting manner, "Now you put your life in a boy's hands." At which the boy smiling, and the tyrant observing it, he commanded them both to be killed immediately; one for instructing him how to kill him, and the other for seeming to consent to it with a smile; but notwithstanding all his care and fear, he at length perished by the hands of his subjects.

#### MAXIM.

LOVE, like fire, cannot subsist without continual motion; it ceases to exist, as soon as it ceases to hope or fear.

#### ANNA.

##### A PASTORAL ELEGY.

SEE ANNA's flocks they stray along the glade,  
Whither poor wand'rers, is your mistrels flown?  
That thus ye joylets tread the flow'ry mead?  
That thus ye bleating, make your gentle moan?  
Why does the snow-drop hang its pensive head?  
Why do the vernal breezes die away?  
Or the lone swain, by melancholy led:  
To notes of sadness why attune his lay?  
Alas! the gentle ANNA is no more!  
The sweetest nymph that ever touch'd the lyre.  
Her hapless fate each shepherd shall deplore,  
And grief, and pity, shall his song inspire.  
Poor ruin'd ANNA! lovely blighted bud!  
Too loon the envious tomb thy beauties share;  
For thou were gentle as the lucid flood,  
And as the hawthorn blossoms, thou wert fair.  
Not the white rose refin'd by morning dew,  
Nor the pure lily could with her compare;  
Oft mild instruction from her lips I drew,  
Her lips—a thousand! thousand charms were there.  
Strait as a tender elm she grew apace.  
Nor beauty's queen could boast so sweet an air;  
All the soft graces blooming in her face,  
She was the loveliest of the village fair.  
For her each shepherd gaily trim'd his crook,  
With fresh flow'rets to attract the eye;  
Love glow'd in ev'ry glance, and ev'ry look;  
While from their bosoms 'scap'd the tender sigh.  
The blooming maid ne'er triumph'd in their pain,  
But in mild accents, chill'd the young desire,  
Tho' daily follow'd by a sighing train,  
She never strove to keep alive the fire.  
Free as the lark ere spring's inspiring ray,  
Allures to love, and melody his breast.  
And as the kidlin, innocently gay;  
Was she, whose charms each rival nymph confess.  
When ah! too soon, a chilling blast succeeds;  
The vernal breeze that bade her beauties blow,  
Her virtue totters and her bosom bleeds!  
Her robes vanish, and her tears they flow.  
DAMON, well skill'd in each ungentle art,  
That feigning lovers use to lure the fair.  
DAMON, whose study was the female heart,  
For lovely ANNA, laid his vagrant snare.  
In waving singlets graceful flow'd his hair,  
His smiles engaging, and his manners free;  
He could command the ready starting tear,  
But ill his person and his mind agree.  
He found the maid his flatt'r would despise,  
That lace and tinsel, could not charm her eye;  
And bade his song in virtuous strains arise,  
And feign'd to languish, and in sullen sigh.  
At length her eyes confess a mutual flame,  
Twas then he boldly spoke of ardent love;  
Woo'd her the wish'd for, bridal day to name  
And ANNA's praise, refounded thro' the grove.  
She (artless maid) prepares her little jeans,  
The milk white lawn, less spotless than her mind;  
Her kerchief gay, and hoods she nimbly hem,  
Yet thinks she's low, to her undoer kind.  
The eve preceding th' expected day arrives,  
And DAMON leads her to the grove;  
She hears the thrushes from their ev'ning spray,  
Responsive answer, ev'ry note of love.  
A yielding softness stol'n upon her soul,  
Whil'st to the foaming tale she lent an ear;  
She saw her lover, jealous of control;  
Assume the semblance of a wild delirious.  
Thy fall, lamented shepherds, I'll weep,  
A sweeter victim Venus ne'er survey'd,  
Her foul was whiter, even than her sheep;  
That now intended, stray along the glade.  
The ruddy morn arose to ANNA's view,  
DAMON had vow'd to meet her in the grove,  
There Hymen shou'd his tender vows renew;  
He swore, and bade her never doubt his love.  
She sought the grove, but DAMON was not there,  
She found the shade, but fought the youth in vain;

Not more affrighted, flies the tim'rous hare,  
Than frantic ANNA, o'er the flow'ry plain!

A rival nymph infests the weeping maid,  
And tells her DAMON from the vale is flown,  
And bade her haste, and leave the peaceful glade;  
Where her undoer, and her shame were known,  
She flies, she leaves the scene of former bliss,  
No friend to guide her foot, or sooth her woe!  
No gentle heart to alleviate her distress,  
Who's soul with heav'nly pity learnt to glow.

I bore the lovely mourner to my home,  
I strove to sooth her wounded soul to peace...  
Is not my honor and my virtue flown?  
And would not life (he cried) my woes increase?

She droop'd! she died! the earth receiv'd her form,  
That pleasing form, the object of desire?  
Clos'd were her eyes, her breath no longer warm,  
From which one virtue only could retire.

The shepherds mourn'd, and tun'd the plaintive reed,  
To sing of ANNA's charms, and ANNA's fate,  
And every nymph chas'd DAMON from the mead,  
And with soft pity ev'ry bosom beat.

Visit ye shepherds, and ye nymphs her grave!  
And let each swain learn constancy and truth,  
Each virgin prize the virtue heaven gave;  
To be the lovliest bloom of her youth.



#### ANECDOTE.

AMONG the many very singular circumstances which attended the settlement of this country, there are none more entertaining than the exportation of wives from England, for the colony of Virginia. Dr. Belknap, in his American Biography, a work replete with information and entertainment, has given us the following short account of that very uncommon article of merchandise.

"It seems to have been a general sentiment among these colonists, not to make Virginia the place of their permanent residence, but after acquiring a fortune, by planting and trade, to return to England. For this reason, most of them were destitute of families and had no natural attachment to the country. To remedy this material defect, Sir Edward Sandys, the new treasurer, proposed to the Company to send over a freight of young women to make wives for the planters. This proposal, with several others made by that eminent statesman, was received with universal applause, and the success answered their expectations. Ninety girls, "young and uncorrupt," were sent over at one time, (1620); and sixty more, "handsome and well-recommended," at another (1621). These were soon blessed with the object of their wishes. The price of a wife, at first, was one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco; but as the number became scarce, the price was increased to one hundred and fifty pounds, the value of which in money, was three shillings per pound. By a subsequent act of assembly, it was ordained, that "the price of a wife should have the precedent of other debts, in recovery and payment, because, of all kinds of merchandise, this was the most desirable."

Ah, desirable indeed! The hearts of those rustic bachelors must have leaped for joy. And could that "most desirable" object be now obtained for trifling a quantity as "one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco," there would not be a bachelor found in the country. Our beau, by only preferring the remains of their flocks, might soon purchase what perhaps, their gallantry could never acquire. Our desert country would soon be converted into beautiful fields waving with that delicious weed; and a sweet favour would arise, testifying our attachment to the fair sex.



#### GENUINE FRIENDSHIP.

M R. Sandford, surgeon, of Shrewsbury, (Eng.) kept two dogs, who for many years had been fond companions. At length one of them died of old age; from that period the other animal refused all kind of food; with a ceaseless cry it searched all their former haunts for his old associate, and on the tenth day expired, a victim to an attachment that would have done honour to the boasted intellectual powers of man.



#### MAXIM.

OUR merit procures us the esteem of men of sense, and our good fortune that of the public.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 9, 1799.

FIRE.

[From a Norfolk Paper.]

Sunday morning presented to our citizens a spectacle truly awful; never, since the revolution, have they witnessed such an one in this place. At about two in the morning, they were awakened from their peaceful slumbers by the loud and repeated cries of Fire!

It made its first appearance in a house near the head of Woodside's wharf, and already had it become so formidable, as seemingly to threaten ALL with the most dreadful consequences. The usual means--engines, axes, &c. were used, in order to arrest its progress; but without effect; every moment gave it additional strength. The weather was calm; the crackling flame extended in every direction; sentiments of dismay and horror pervaded every breast; and even hope was almost extinguished. Such a scene few have beheld. House after house was successively torn down; the furious flames did but mock the effort to stay their progress. In this dilemma, the last sad hope rested on the effects of gunpowder--it was accordingly brought. Those houses in the different quarters of communication, which if suffered to stand would endanger the whole town, and which must themselves soon have fallen before the destructive element, were successively blown up. This caused an immediate abatement of the fire; and the citizens seizing the favorable moment, succeeded in their endeavors to extinguish it. At about seven in the morning the danger was entirely over. Had it continued for about an hour longer, ere this the town would have been a heap of ashes; for the wind sprung up from the west, and continued to blow very fresh for the remainder of the day. This was a direction which could not fail to have communicated the flames to the other parts of the town.

All the houses within the square bounded by Water, Commerce, and Main streets, and by Burke's wharf, were totally consumed. The whole number is computed to be about 60, the greater part of which were built of wood, and occupied principally by tradesmen.

Thus, in a few short hours, the work of many years has been reduced to a heap of ashes--the affluent to bare competency, perhaps to poverty; and the industrious tradesman to want and misery! Let the hand of charity be extended; let the rich seek out distress, and administer comfort. Many are the objects which call for assistance, and more are there who can afford to give it. The voice of humanity cries aloud, "forget not that the sufferers are men as well as you."

A sailor was killed by the explosion of one of the houses. We are informed also, that the skeleton of a woman has been discovered among the rubbish since the fire.

CHARLESTON, February 21.

His excellency, Governor Rutledge, and the Collector of this port, about five weeks ago received a letter from Col. Pickering, Secretary of State of the United States, to the following effect:

That government had obtained intelligence that four persons were to embark from Hamburg for this port, as agents of the French Directory, with dispatches of a hostile nature to the peace and welfare of the United States.

The Secretary of State then gave the names of the persons and their description; also of the vessel, and the passports which it was expected they would have; and informed further, that the dispatches and papers of consequence, would be secreted in two false bottomed tubs, and requested that the necessary steps should be taken to secure the suspected persons and their papers, as soon as they arrived here.

Capt. Thompson, the boarding officer of the port, was accordingly instructed to notice particularly, and report without delay all passengers from Europe.

Yesterday he had the happiness and good fortune to board the brig *Minerva*, capt. Cramp, in 119 days from Hamburg, and reported her arrival, and that there were four or five passengers on board. This brig was the expected vessel, and the collector, Major Simons, attended by Mr. William Crafts, agent of the United States for the naval and war departments, went immediately on board, with proper assistance, to examine and secure the suspected persons and their papers.

As soon as they got on board, they enquired for persons by names they had received, and were answered affirmatively; these were directly searched and given into custody, and the search continued for the tubs, which were for-

lunately discovered in the cabin; the tubs were broken open, and the papers taken out; the horrors of guilt were depicted strongly on the countenances of the guilty wretches, and their bodies shook with fear and trembling. There was a design to have thrown them overboard from the cabin window, but it was prevented by the expedition of the gentlemen who undertook the business. Three of the fellows are mulattoes, and one of them a white person; a woman was also taken up, who was evidently concerned in the conspiracy, and endeavored to take care of the tubs under her arm.

The four men and their female accomplice are now confined at Fort Pinckney; their trunks and baggage are taken to the custom house, and the important Tale of the Tubbs are under the examination of Major General Pinckney, to whom they were immediately delivered. The development will come out in season.

PORT OF PORTLAND.

By a coasting vessel which arrived here on Thursday last, from Castine (mouth of Penobscot) which place she left the day before (Feb. 20) the Castine paper of that date has been received, which contains the following news:

"CASTINE, Feb. 20.

"Yesterday arrived at this port, the schooner Lark, capt. Snow, 17 days from Martinique. Capt. Snow informs, that a few days previous to his leaving that place, information was received there, that an English packet had arrived in the West Indies, which brought London papers to the 10th of January, which stated that official accounts had been received of the death of Bonaparte, and the total destruction of his army. Capt. Snow says, that he saw and read the account in a London paper received by the packet.

Capt. Snow was informed while he lay at Martinique, by an American who had made his escape from Gaudaloupe, that a large number of American vessels had been taken by the French pirates and carried into that port; that 7 sail had been captured in one week; that they were all condemned with hale or no ceremony, and the Americans thrown into prison; that the frigate United States, Commodore Barry, had run so high into Gaudaloupe, that he was fired at from the batteries on shore, and in return had given them a few broadsides; that the flag of war, Pickering, having a number of vessels under his convoy, had fired a few shot into an English privateer supposing her to be an enemy's vessel, which obliged her to sheer off. Capt. Smith soon after spoke same privateer, who treated him politely, and permitted him to proceed. Spoke on his passage home the American flag of war Ganges, with a number of American vessels under convoy."

MORTALITY.

DID THE sharp pang we feel for friends deceas'd  
Unbated larr, we must with anguish die;  
But nature bids its rigour should be eas'd,  
By lenient time, and strong necessity;  
These calm the passions, and subdue the mind,  
To bear th' appointed lot of human kind.

DIED,

On Thursday the 21st ult. Mrs. ANN YEAMANS, a native of this city--aged 69 years.

On Thursday the 28th ult. very suddenly, Mr. HENRY SEAMAN,---a respectable and worthy man--esteemed by the public, and tenderly beloved by his friends.

On Tuesday last, Mrs. MARY SPEAGHTS, (widow of the late Dr. Speaghts,) of a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, in the 42 year of her age; much lamented by all who knew her.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And to be sold by the Printer hereof, by James Hardie,  
No. 1 Rider-street, and by all the Booksellers.

The CONSTITUTION of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA.

Price one shilling.

The Constitution is the STANDARD of our political faith, and as it is by it alone, we can judge, with propriety of the conduct of our Representatives, it ought to be in the possession of every individual, who pretends to dispute about politics.

49--4.

Mr. DUPORT  
Has removed from no. 4 Wall-street to no. 107 William-street.

COURT of HYMEN.

Possess'd of the object they love,  
Their heart will be wholly at ease--  
Whilst reason and Heaven approve,  
Their mutual endeavors to please.

MARRIED

On Thursday the 28th ult. at Matenacock, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Coles, Mr. ISAAC COCK, to Miss ANN UNDERHILL, daughter of Mr. Daniel Underhill, all of this place.

Same evening, at Fish-Kill, by the Rev. Mr. Van Vronken, Major JACOBUS SLEIGHT, to Miss ELISE DE RIERMER, daughter of Mr. Peter De Riemer, formerly of this city, but now residing at Poughkeepsie.

NEW THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING will be PRESENTED,  
A COMEDY, never performed here, (Written by Augustus Van Kotzebue, the celebrated Author of the Stranger, Count Benyowsky, Indians in England, &c.) called,

LOVERS VOWS.

Baron Wildenhain,	Mr. Tyler,
Count Cassel,	Mr. Jefferson,
Frederick Fribourg,	Mr. Cooper,
Arnaud,	Mr. Martin,
Farmer,	Mr. Lee,
Hubert,	Mr. Hogg,
Landlord,	Mr. Perkins,
Jew,	Mr. Miller,
Labourer,	Mr. Leonard,
Christian,	Mr. Bates,
Huntmen and Servants,	Misses. Seymour, Lee, Shapter, &c.

Amelia,	Miss E. Weltray,
Theodosia Fribourg,	Mrs. Melmouth,
Cougars Wife,	Mrs. White.

To which will be added,

A Pantomime Entertainment, (3d Time) called,

GIL BLAS,

OR, THE CAVE OF THE ROBBERS.

As originally produced by Mr. BATES, at the Royal Theatre in London. The Scenery designed and executed by Mr. CIGARI.

SALE BY MORTGAGE.

WHEREAS James McClaughry, by an assignment or instrument of writing, bearing date the 1st day of May one thousand seven hundred and ninety eight, did assign, transfer, and let over unto Henry Felthousen, a certain indenture of lease, and all and singular the premises therein contained; which lease contains all that certain lot of ground, situate, lying and being in the seventh ward of the city of New-York, and known and distinguished in a certain map or chart thereof made among other lots, by Catherin Th. Goericke, by Lot number 495. Bounded westerly in front by Second-street; easterly in the rear by lot number 2, northerly by lot no. 496; and southerly by lot no. 494--Containing in breadth in front and rear each 25 feet, and in length on each side 75. To have and to hold the same from first day of May 1796 for 20 years, under certain covenants, rents and conditions in the lease annexed to the said mortgage mentioned and contained: Provided nevertheless that if the said James should pay to the said Henry fifty dollars on the first day of November last, pursuant to a certain sealed bill, bearing even date with the said assignment, then the said assignment was declared to be void; but if default should happen to be made in the said payment, then the said Henry was declared to have full power to sell and dispose of the said lease and premises at auction. And whereas default hath been made in the payment of the said money. Now therefore notice is hereby given that the said indenture of lease and premises, and all right and title of the said James thereto will be sold at public auction on the premises, on the tenth day of September next, at twelve o'clock at noon of the same day, for the purpose of satisfying the principal and interest due on the said bill. Dated this 7th day of March 1799.

49--6.

HENRY FELTHOUSEN.



### COURT of APOLLO.

#### REFLECTIONS AT DAY BREAK.

I GAZE from the brow of the sleep,  
On the town, and the landscape serene ;  
How many this hour are asleep !  
How alike are the great and the mean !  
The place for their heads to repose,  
A stone or a pillar supplies ;  
They've put off their care with their cloaths,  
And shut out the world with their eyes.  
  
Reclined on the tapestry bed,  
The rich has forgotten his store ;  
The beggar asleep in his shed,  
Remembers his misery no more.  
  
Alike in forgetfulness drown'd,  
Enwrapped in the mantle of night ;  
Say, whose are the flambours profound,  
Say, whose are the dreams of delight ?  
  
Perhaps to the occupant's dream,  
(For fancy o'er truth can prevail.)  
The hotel a hotel may seem,  
The hotel transformed to a jail.  
  
Ann they shall wake from their sleep,  
And the sun and their sorrow behold ;  
Why wake ye to get or to keep,  
Or to feel that ye're hungry and cold ?  
  
Then lie down and flumber again ;  
Ere the day-light appear'd I arose---  
I shall see nought but sorrow and pain,  
And again I return to repose.

#### A SMILE AND A TEAR.

YOU own I'm complaisant, but tell me I'm cold ;  
Then must I my youth's early sorrows unfold ;  
Must waken remembrance to joys that are fled,  
Now hope is extinguish'd and passion is dead ?  
I have lost in life's morn all that life could endear,  
And, if I seem cheerful, I smile thro' a tear.  
  
My parents, though humble, were happy and good,  
We could boast of our honor, if not of our blood.  
My lover---ah ! how the sad tale shall I tell ?  
For his country he fought, for his country he fell ;  
He was brave, he was true, to my soul he was dear ;  
His fame claims a smile, but it shines thro' a tear.  
  
In vain would I picture my agoniz'd heart ;  
My parents' soft footings no balm could impart ;  
They funk o'er the child whom they could not relieve,  
And the cold hand of death left me only to grieve.  
Thus, fated to suffer, the moment draws near,  
When you'll neither distinguisch a smile nor a tear.

#### ANECDOCE.

A CERTAIN man, when he read a chapter to his family, would give some exposition, or raise some pious reflection for their instruction. When reading the account of the rams' and badgers' skins, of which the covering of the tabernacle was made, he unfortunately mistook badgers for BEGGARS, and made this sage remark : " How much better are the times under the Gospel than under the Law ! Now beggars can go about with whole skins ; but under the Law they took them off to make a covering for the tabernacle ! "

#### GEORGE BUCKMASTER,

BOAT BUILDER,

No. 191, Cherry-street, opposite the Hay Scales, Ship-Yards, New-York,

INFORMS his friends, that he has removed his Boat shop from Water-street to the above situation, where he has a number of Boats completed of almost every dimension, and on terms as low as any in New-York.

NB. Sweeps and Oars of all sizes. 12--13

Only for the want of writing a good hand, many Young Gentlemen (otherwise well accomplished) have been rendered entirely incapable of filling a respectable and genteel station in life. This truth many have found, to their great mortification, by their own experience.

#### JENKINS'S SCHOOL, FOR WRITING ONLY,

Is opened at no. 59 William-street, where youth are taught to write a beautiful hand in the course of a few weeks, by only an hour's attendance every day. Those Young Gentlemen who cannot conveniently spare an hour in the day, will be attended from six to seven in the Evening. As he teaches in private families, he will give attendance to such Gentlemen as may wish to know his terms, between the hours of 9 and 10 in the morning. Those who may call him in his absence, will please to leave their address. Besides the following certificates of Mr. Jenkins's abilities in the line of his profession, many others of similar import from a number of the first characters in the United States, may be seen at the school-room, at the above mentioned number.

Mr. Jenkins, Writing Master, having instructed several of my Children, I am persuaded, from the rapid improvement they made while under his tuition, that he is possessed of very extraordinary talents and skill in his profession.

His Excellency,

GEORGE CLINTON, Esq.

New-York, August, 27, 1794.

I DO hereby certify, that I have examined Mr. Jenkins's plan and manner of teaching the art of Writing, which I approve of, and have, in many instances, seen the utility and success of it.

WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON,  
President of Columbia-College.

New-York, July 10, 1798.

I engaged Mr. John Jenkins, Writing-Master, to give to my daughter, a child not nine years of age, and who was altogether ignorant of writing, twenty-one Leagues. His attendance has been perfectly regular, and I have great pleasure in saying, that by his instruction, she has, during the above period, acquired a legible and good hand-writing. I therefore cheerfully recommend Mr. Jenkins's manner of teaching, as deserving of peculiar encouragement.

JOSIAH OGDEN HOFFMAN,  
Attorney-General to the State of New-York.  
N. York, Dec. 21, 1798.

March 2, 1798.

#### NEW-YORK STATE ROAD LOTTERY

Will certainly commence drawing on the 14th of May. Tickets, at five dollars each, to be had of

JAMES BYRNE, 126 Fly Market.

Who has, for the accommodation of all classes, divided a number of Tickets into quarter shares, at eleven shillings each. Money will be immediately paid for prizes Tickets registered and examined during the drawing.

N.B. The Canal Lottery, in Philadelphia, continues drawing, and is nearly finished. Tickets in that and the Washington City Lottery examined as usual.

#### JUST PUBLISHED,

And to be sold by the Printer hereof, by the Author, no. 1 Rider-street, by Mr John Low, 33a Water-street ; by Mr John Marvin, grocer, corner of Front-street and Fly-Market, and by all the Bookellers.

An ACCOUNT of the MALIGNANT FEVER lately prevalent in the city of New-York.

Containing :

1st. A Narrative of its rise, progress, and decline, with the opinions of some medical gentlemen with respect to its origin, preventative, &c.

2d. The manner in which the poor were relieved during this awful calamity.

3d. A list of the Donations which have been presented to the Committee for the relief of the sick and indigent.

4th. A list of the names of the Dead, arranged in alphabetical order, with their professions or occupations,

and, as far as was practicable to obtain information, the names of the countries of which they were natives.

5th. A comparative view of the fever of the year 1798 with that of the year 1795.

By JAMES HARDIE, A. M.

N.B. Orders from the country, directed to the Author, no. 1 Rider-street, will be duly attended to.

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GUN POWDER,  
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O FFERERS the Ladies, Gentlemen, and Public at large, the following articles for sale very low for cash.

HAIR POWDER,  
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Marechalle,  
Duchesse,  
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